

Advertising Brings Success.
That it pays to advertise in the GOLD LEAF, is shown by its well filled advertising columns.

SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN
Do not continue to spend good money where no appreciable returns are seen.
That is Proof that it Pays Them.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

VOL. XVI.

RECITATION
OF THE
MERITS
OF
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

would include the cure of every form of disease which affects the throat and lungs. Asthma, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and other similar complaints have (when other medicines failed) yielded to

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Perfect Health
Is Man's Greatest Blessing.

To have perfect health it is necessary that the blood be pure, the system free from poisonous humors of hereditary taints. As a perfect

BLOOD PURIFIER

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy

fills every requirement. It is the greatest cleanser of the system and purifier of the blood.

Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Eczema, Tetters,

and all diseases of the blood and skin readily yield to its treatment. Never disappoints. It has cured others it will cure you. A trial will convince. Write for testimonials. Podolite and Laboratory—Kittrell, N. C.

Sold in Henderson by the
Dorsey Drug Co.,
Phil H. Thomas,
and W. W. Parker.

FRANCIS A. MACON,
Surgeon Dentist,
HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA

All work in operative and mechanical dentistry. No charge for examination. Office, Dr. Boyd's old rooms, over Joseph A. Mitchell's store.

J. H. BRIDGES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Office in Harris' law building next court house.

DENTIST,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Office over E. G. Davis' store, Main Street.

MOTHERS

We have a book, prepared especially for you, which contains all the latest and best information on the subject of child-rearing. It is a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Frey's Vermifuge

has been successfully used for a half century. Write for testimonials. Frey's Vermifuge, Baltimore, Md.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Chlorine is a powerful blood-purifier. It is a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

SENT FREE

to housekeepers—

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef

COOK BOOK--

telling how to prepare many delicious and delicious dishes.

Address: Liebig Co., P. O. Box 2718, New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores a thinning crown. Clears the scalp. Refreshes the hair. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

GOLD LEAF.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

[SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash.]

NO. 49.

DR. BLACKNALL DEAD.

A MAN WHOSE DEATH WILL BE REGRETTED THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

One of the Most Hospitable and Humorous Sons the State Has Ever Produced—Had a Kind Word for Everybody, and His Presence Will Be Sadly Missed—For Many Years Famous as a Hotelier.

(Raleigh Times, November 10th.)

Dr. Blacknall is dead! The death of this well known and generous citizen occurred this morning about five o'clock, and his demise will be heard with regret by the people generally throughout the State and even beyond it, for during his long career he has made a host of friends.

He was one of the most hospitable and humorous sons that the State has ever produced. He possessed a magnetism that drew men to him, and his bright bits of humor and strong common sense are proverbial wherever he is known.

In the death of Dr. Blacknall, a noble and kind hearted spirit has gone to meet its God. His long life has been one of usefulness to his fellowman. It is filled with deeds of charity for the friendless and destitute, and there are many living to-day who have been the recipient of his benefactions.

He had a kind word for everyone, and his presence and cheer will be sadly missed in our community and State.

Dr. Blacknall was born near Kittrell, in Granville county, April 29th, 1829. He studied medicine, and was graduated from Jefferson College, Philadelphia. He practiced his profession three years at the Immigrant's Hospital, Ward's Island. He then returned to his native State, and located at Henderson, practicing there and in vicinity for sixteen years with ability. He then took charge of the hotel at Kittrell and conducted that hostelry with marked success. In the year 1860 he came to Raleigh and took charge of the Yarbrough House, and was its proprietor for 14 years, and under his management it drew a patronage that has made the name of Yarbrough famous throughout many States of the Union. When the New Atlantic Hotel was built at Morehead City he was its first proprietor. He conducted it during the season just closed.

For the past four years he has held a responsible position in the Revenue service in this district. He also served four years under Cleveland's first administration.

December 11, 1861, he was married to Miss Mary L. Taylor, of Washington, this State.

Mrs. Blacknall, two sons—George and John—only daughter, Mrs. Randolph Clowes, survive him.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Undeceived.

Truthfulness is the diamonds of character. Hypocrisy is a cloak that is ragged in the black.

A twenty-dollar coat often covers a five-cent soul.

A heart without love is like a violin without strings.

The man who talks most about himself says the least.

A pious face is not infallible proof of a devout spirit.

Smiling lengthens the mouth and the life in about equal proportions.

All things were made for the good and some day they will have them.

What if you have lost your ring? Be thankful that you still have your finger.

Any fool can make money, but it takes wisdom to know how to spend it well.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

For sale by M. Dorsey.

If the Democratic party enters into any dicker with Marion Butler we hope he'll store it away back in his vest pocket and walk off with it, a thing he is more than likely to do.

If the party of good government can not win without an alliance with the arch enemy of good government, to win with his aid will be worse than failure. It's time for a rest on this business, now.—Monroe Journal.

Prevention better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if taken in time will prevent

Sick Headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, torpid liver and kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS ABSOLUTELY CURE.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

(William Edward Penny, in the New Haven Register.)

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogoood?

On the banks of the River Slow, Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sunnyside cottages send the air, And the soft Gossamer sighs?

It lies in the valley of What's-theuse, In the province of Leterside; Thattiredfeeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless Montecore, Where the Givestups abide.

The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the flight of years, It is wrapped in the fog of idler's dreams, Its streets are paved with discarded themes, And sprinkled with useless fears.

The Collegebred fool and the Idlerman's heir Are plentiful there, no doubt; The rest of its crowd are a motley crew With every class except one in view— The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogoood is all hedged about By the Mountains of Despair, No trumpet stands on its gloomy walls, No sentinel to battle and triumph calls, For towards alone are there.

My friend from the dead-alive town Nogoood, If you would keep far-away, Just follow your duty through good and bad, Take this to your motto, "I can. I will." And live up to it each day.

Words of Wisdom.
(The South-West.)

Truth is a rock large enough for all to stand upon.

A reasonable woman is one who is not always unreasonable.

If some men were to lose their reputation they would be lucky.

The only real happy animal is the goat. He can eat anything.

Children cry for the moon and when they grow up they want the earth.

Open the door of your mind to good thoughts and the evil ones will be driven out.

There are several things worse than disappointment in love, rheumatism is one.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

Even a man doesn't like to have the preacher call when the house is all topsy-turvy.

People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it lurch.

Neatness, when moderate, is a virtue; but when carried to an extreme it narrows the mind.

Life in a circus in which everyone takes the part of the clown some time during his sojourn.

Let it run, and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you before you know that it is near. It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder can be reached through the blood, yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For severe coughs, bronchitis, throat and lung diseases, asthma, scrofula in every form, and even scrofulous affections of the lungs that's called consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

Original Observations.
(Orange (Va.) Observer.)

"The tooth of time" is the one extracted on credit.

If ignorance is bliss, more ignorance is blisser.

As the evenings grow longer the oil bill grows stronger.

The cowboy supplies the fuel that warms the cattle range.

Lawsuits are too expensive for most people to go courting in.

A girl certainly waists her energy when she hugs another girl.

Many young ladies have students instead of pupils in their eyes.

Uncasy rests the number seven foot which wears a number five shoe.

When office goes out to seek the man he is generally within hailing distance.

And now the pop-corn evenings have arrived, but Orange girls prefer pop-the-question evenings.

OTTO MERGENTHALER.

INVENTOR OF THE LINO TYPE, SLOWLY DYING IN NEW MEXICO.

Wasting Away With Consumption Yet Busily at Work On Another Great Labor Saving Invention Which Will Probably Be Given to the World Within a Year—Story of a Remarkable Career.

DEMING, N. M.—Otto Mergenthaler, the inventor of the Linotype, is here, passing the winter—and, sad as the intelligence is, perhaps his last days. Consumption has laid his hands upon him, and I was told by a friend of one of the physicians that the man of medicine believes that his patient's end is within the ken of mortal.

Despite this menace, however, he is cheerful and does much work each day. He is counting upon giving to the world another invention within a year.

I called upon him in his beautiful Deming home on the outskirts of the town. No one in the east would expect to find such a house equipped with such surroundings as away out here on the great desert. It is a large square brick structure. Through the center is a wide hall, large enough to accommodate a billiard table that is much enjoyed by the friends he has gathered around him and the members of his family. Wide lawns, kept green by liberal sprinkling, are the playgrounds of the children. From this point his eyes may range over a magnificent vista. Looking to the south are the great Tres Hermanos (Three Sisters) mountains, that twenty-five miles away stand on the border of the sister republic, and lift their heads into the ever-blue sky.

else but his brief experience in mechanics. He went to Washington, and during the succeeding four years worked on the mechanism of electric clocks and bells and signal service apparatus for the government. In the last named he made many improvements inventing several new ones. At the end of these four years he went to Baltimore, where he saw a wider field for his talents. He has made that city his home until more than a year ago, when he came to the Southwest to seek health.

It was in 1876, soon after he located in the Monumental city, that the history of the Linotype begins. From then until 1880—four years—he gave his every thought to the creation of this machine. He took little rest. Night and day he toiled and gradually put into his work the gold of his brain and the brawn of his body. Only such men as Morse, Field, Gray, Bell or Edison could tell what such toil and application means.

Finally, at the end of these four years of struggle, he had a machine that would, by action of a keyboard something like a typewriter, set a line of key dies or types, justify them to the exact width of a column of any required measure and cast it into a solid line of lead or type metal. Yet his work was not done, for after he had accomplished all this, and had secured his patents, another obstacle seemed to bar him. Men of money discredited his machine, even after they had seen it work, publishers said it was impracticable. They were willing to "copy" his device if he could show that it would do the work of five or six men setting type from the case, but not until then did they care to take any risks. By constant pleadings, however, he at last succeeded in organizing a company with small capital,

which in the next three years was consumed in the efforts to place the Linotype in the composing room of some daily newspaper.

With money all gone, the machine turned down, the despair of failure, of seven years of wasted toil—of death, almost was upon him. Moreover, his physical system was shattered, and he passed the next three years in a struggle to live. But the day dawned for him at last. In 1886, Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, agreed to try a machine. It proved a success, and he equipped his office with them. Then the Louisville Courier-Journal, through the foresight of Mr. Halderman, one of its owners took them up, and from that time fame and a golden reward were his. Since 1886, 3,500 machines, that represent a value of \$10,000,000, have been sold or leased.

He is able to enjoy the dry and arid atmosphere of this region as he wills, but a part of his time is given to the work of writing a history of the invention, development and completion of his invention in connection with some of his personal experiences. His four children, the eldest a boy of 14, and his wife are with him, and for the children he has a tutor. It is Mr. Mergenthaler's intention to give his children all they can receive.

Mr. Mergenthaler first came west a year ago last June to benefit his health, and went to Prescott, A. T., where he remained for four months. Cool temperature caused him to go to Phoenix, where, after a short stay, he left for El Paso. While there he seemed to grow weaker, and last December came to Deming. He says that the climate here agrees with him better than any place he has yet been.

You may eat cheap food and not be seriously hurt by it; but you cannot take cheap medicine without positive injury. If you use any substitute for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, you do so at the peril of your health, perhaps your life. Insist on having Ayer's and no other.

At the age of 18 years he arrived in America penniless, and with "nothing

LEE'S GENTLE NATURE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT CONFEDERATE LEADER.

One Who Knew Him as a Little Child Tells How He Impressed Her By His Gentle Manner and Sympathetic Nature—Interesting Reminiscences of War Times Around Petersburg—Kindness of Federal Officers, &c.

(New York Post.)

In the life of General Lee, written by his nephew, Fitzhugh Lee, may be found the following extract from a letter of Gen. Lee to Mrs. Lee, written from his headquarters near Petersburg, Jan. 10, 1865:

"Yesterday afternoon three little girls walked into my room, each with a small basket. The eldest carried some fresh eggs laid by her own hens, the second, some pickles made by her mother; the third, some popcorn which had grown in her garden. They were the daughters of a Mrs. N., a refugee from Northampton county, who lived near Eastville, not far from old Arlington."

The eldest of the girls whose age did not exceed 8 years, had a small wheel on which she spun for her mother, who wove all the cloth for her two brothers—boys of 12 and 14 years. I have not had so pleasant a visit for a long time. I fortunately was able to fill their basket with apples, which distressed poor Bryan (his steward), and I begged them to bring me nothing but kisses, and to keep the eggs, corn, etc., for themselves."

When I read the letter how vividly the whole scene came up before me! The many intervening years were blotted out, and I was again the tiny 4-year-old girl seated very much at ease on the great general's knee, listening with deep interest to his conversation with my oldest sister.

The little girl, being very shy, subsided into a seat, and employed herself chewing her glove-fingers, much to the mortification of the nurse who accompanied us, and who was deeply impressed with the importance of the occasion.

Our farm was divided only by a fence from the Turnbull farm, where General Lee had his headquarters, and the two houses were only a few hundred yards apart, and very soon after our visit he called on my mother. He had completely won our little hearts, and we were all eager to go in and see him, and after a time of waiting which seemed very long to us, and much washing of faces and curling of hair, we were sent in, with the admission from the nurse to "mind our manners." But when General Lee took me up, looking at my hand, asked: "And how did these little fingers get burned?" I forgot all previous inhibitions—also all lessons in grammar—and promptly replied, "Me and Althea were pulling roast 'taters out of the fire." General Lee seemed much amused and I proceeded further to enlighten him as to various pieces of mischief in which "me and Althea" had been chief actors. I do not remember how my dismayed elders checked my unusual flow of confidence. Ordinarily I was shrinkingly sensitive and quiet, so that my outburst of candor was a tribute to the charm of General Lee's manner. The "Althea" to whom I referred was a colored child of my own age, and my constant companion and dearly loved playmate.

During those last months of the war we saw a great deal of General Lee, and if he ever wearied of our attentions we were never allowed to see it, and we always kissed him at parting with the feeling that we had given him a great deal of pleasure. Certainly we never failed to enjoy ourselves. We never felt any awe in his presence, but always chatted like magpies about all our hopes and plans. It was during one of our visits that he gave me a little tobacco-bag, filling it with tiny cakes and telling me it was a present from his "little May Mosby, Colonel Mosby's little daughter."

It lies on the table before me, a quaint little bag, made of the red uniform cloth, with seams covered with yellow worsted and "M" worked on one side in a child's uneven stitches. I had the honor of a ride once seated behind the General on the historic "Traveller." The pink chalice took which I wore on the occasion was afterwards regarded as a sacred garment, only to be worn on the highest of high days.

Times were growing harder every day, and economies becoming more rigid. My mother sent General Lee a bowl of soup one day and in his message of thanks he told her that "never was dish more timely; I had three generals to dine with me to-day, and only baked beans to set before them."

We lived surrounded by the sights and sounds of war, and we drilled as soldiers and made miniature fortifications. Every day the end was drawing nearer, though at last it came suddenly, and found us quite unprepared. Had we foreseen, much could have been saved, but no one thought of personal danger and of our being forced to leave the house. A jar of silver and family miniatures was buried in a wood-shed and a box of china and glass was concealed beneath the roof of the porch, because it was thought possible that these things might attract the attention of "raiders." After the battle, when stragglers, searching for hidden treasure, sounded every foot of land around our house and outbuildings, the jar escaped owing to General Custer having used the shed for a stable.

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